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VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1201.

Original Poem.

EGYPT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE

I.

The world is full of Truth! its ample page
Beams with the lustre of the strongest light,
Increasing in its power from age to age,
While the dark veil of Error wide is rent!
'Tis not in men we find it—in the might
Of kings, or nations, or the rich array
That dazzles all the quiet worth of mind;
'Tis not beneath the false artistic ray
Of fashion's changing scenes we meet its rich display.

II

But would ye find it, ye must go and trace
Out the world's page in teachings rich and free
How speak thy ruins to their rich array.
And how intrench'd each dear-bought conquest lies!
Upon this lasting tablet may we see
What the unerring, iron pen of Time
Inscribes on all, alike on land and sea—
Here marks the story of the Earth's young prime—
Then writes dolmenic lines of light, and truth sublime!

III.

Then, EGYPT! in this spirit would I gaze
Down the dim vista of thy countless years,
Where the dim hues of day-light's dawning blaze
Cast round thy name by priest and monarch worn,
The sacred veil, a form of them while young
The mystery that shrouds thy name, amid
The clinging folds of Time, seems to be nearly woven
In mixed characters, thy fame hath had
Beneath some gorgeous fane or mighty pyramid!

IV

Who can describe the spell that falls around
The heart of him who lingers at the tomb,
Where the pleasant sunlight of the world is found
Reared by thy sons when thou wast in thy bloom!
Or who can read the history of thy doom
Untouched with grief that thou hast prostrate lain
Long, beneath the sceptre of thy gloom;
Who could not wish that in the spreading plain
Thy sacred spirit yet may wake and breathe again!

V

Wing manner-not considered the great power
To rear the structures that around me thrown!
Where far distant are such dark majestic tower,
For fabled desires a splendid theme
Here, temples clustered! Here a mighty mass
Brought from the granite hills we scarce can see,
Or name (so stretch which stands alone.
Leaning thy children in the shade of thee!
Tales of the solemn silence that around us lies!

VI.

Here are the cities, triumphs of thy skill.
Glorious though fallen, in grandeur still supreme,
Where sacred priests of old were wont to fill
Our fancy with the watching of a dream,
And for but these alone would fancy seem;
Though sweeter is the rose that springs beside
Upon thy sacred a morning gleam,
And sweetener bud, the spirit that has fled
To leave thy shrilling across the conquest of the dead!

VII.

Here a thy labyrinth with spacious halls,
And long-drawn passages in countless rows,
And secret chambers, where the solitary walls,
And by-way entrance, which proudly grows
The search of him who so thy mystery knows;
Fixated with a look of thought, as though
It kept of hoard gods the sacred urns,
Whose hue but still may speak of what regret
The tribute from their hands, solemnizes from their tongue!

X

Here a the city famous in thy love,
Whose table of the Sun spendeavors throw
Today's bright ark the incense of its mass,
When first dawn of morning's beauty to view
Thou could the Sun of Righteousness index
The living spirit of their love divine,
Then maybe the tablet of the heart reserve
A fairer incense for their sun to shine!
When comes the wanderer back to worship at His shrine!

XI.

The wondrous stream still rolls its onward tide,
Veiled, but not shadowed by the mist of years,
Like to the Lethe, where thy children hide,
Or that the dark stream of the sky,
Which bare the creatures of the fly along—
Startling for others, but to me
And rolled the valleys and the hills among,
Down to the Delta of the eternal sea,
Where Death controls the spirit of his mystery!

XII.

Here are the hieroglyphs whose sleep in death,
Enshrined and sacred by preserving art,
Yet thousand sons expecting long the breath
To bid them from their slumbers start to view
And send the quick'ning current through the heart;
They wake not, though the tone has long expired,
For a spell has been spoken and the night
A better life to man in hallowed sleep inspired,
Nestling a fire Providence whose claim ever expired!

XIII.

Wake! EGYPT! like thy Phoenix bear the fire
To which the charms of thy power was given
Signed with the autograph of every deep,
When by the fierce accord of Persian's arm were driven
From all thy throne and all thy hopes were riven!
And let thy spirit, on her strongest wing,
Typified by the golden sculptured eagle from heaven
Extend thee again, and conquering long
A better faith for thee and for thy latest tongs to sing.

XIV

No more shall sweet hosts foretell thy coming fate,
Read in the unknown characters of thy story,
Nor magic art inspire thy sons to wait
For secret disclosure of the light
Thy fluttery now so flaps, hovering nigh,
Yet Time hath swept his wave o'er every spell,
And death hath triumphed over every mystery,
While shattered monuments of learning tell
How Time's effacing mantle on Oblivion's waters swell!

XV

I love thy wonders, REVERIE and could roam
Untiring with the mystery of thy power,
Some spot to call my spirit's transient home
Where I would muse and ponder, there enshrined
In old antiquity, while enchanted
And flitting scenes of thy greatness glide
In waves of beauty, quite overcome by the tide
Of years, whose wings are fanned by the breeze
Of quickly plunge beneath the rolling fate,
Where learning, greatness, glory, and thy children hide!

XVI.

But and those scenes thy pyramids remain
Looming in the distance and monument of his flight,
Imperishable as the toil was vain
Of long forgotten kings, who sought to raise,
Immortal to the name of their days,
They ensure who built them—all have passed away
And mingled like the dust of the night,
With recommissioned things that sentinel stay
Nor win from mem'ry's dream the tribute or the day.

XVII.

Hast thou no deity among the throng
Of gods thy children worshipped, who can call
The ages back that loaded the swelling song
That ring within the fane or festive hall—
Who can remove thy cavalier the fall—
Rouse the brightness of those ancient fire,
Which glistens e'en now, though shrouded by the pall
Of darkened centuries, and wake the lyre
To long vanishing and lost, whose harpings ne'er shall rise!

XVIII

What Powers forms thy mystic fault seemed
Beneath the vibrant Pantheistic rage
Of Keser, by the winning light illumed
Of Fancy: here the spreading plain
Crowned with the thousands who adored in vain
Some benevolent animal, or shrub, or stream,
Or fancy wanderer, or the nameless train
Of vice, or beasts, or worms, whose sway supreme
Made conquest of the soul and expire by a dream.

XIX

But now the dawn is breaking, and the ray
Of Gospel beams from Christian's sacred page
And Gospel learns those secrets to betray,
Which now shall be unknown to us no more;
Philosophers thy ruins now explore,
Untiring in their labors and their skill,
And daily! will you reopened the pure shore
Now truths that speak how much unravelled still
Most all enfolded in their single page to fill.

II

How have thy glories fled like dreams away!
How has thy greatness crumbled in the past!
How speak thy ruins in their rich array,
When linger'st thou, and where is now gone I can!
Kings, priests, philosophers, and armies vast,
Unnumbered people in their countless train
Have passed away, and left their land and sea—
Have marks the story of the Earth's young prime—
Then writes dolmenic lines of light, and truth sublime!

XXI.

Man trusts his works with hatreds wealth and art,
Conscious of their fragility and power,
He shapes the marble—his conceptions start
As if to live he gives all things a dower
Of grace and beauty—Ye but for an hour
All the emotions of created things
Must fade, and Time, whose mighty power shall sower
Which bears dower impress, at which springs
Where Heaven's transcendent power on life immortal flings!

Original Novel.

MARIAN;

Or, Ingleborough Hall.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "CATHOLIC," "BRIGANDINE," "THE ROVER," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

Ernest de Vaux gazed on her for a moment or two, with a well satisfied and scrutinizing eye, and then crept softly around her, and stole aside, kneel down on the turf at her feet, before she knew that a stone would fancy seem; Though sweeter is the rose that springs beside
And for but these alone would fancy seem;
I pass thy sacred a morning gleam,
And sweetener bud, the spirit that has fled
To leave thy shrilling across the conquest of the dead!

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And secret chambers, where the solitary walls,
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"To-night!" said his master, "as they leave the ball."

The early wayfarers next morning found the dead body of Cleone Cataline lying in the dust with a stone sticking in his heart. The handle of the weapon was of chased gold, and a ruby glittered on the top.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOVE OF A ROMAN WOMAN.

Calus Sallust was in prison, and apparently without hope. The voice of the people was against him. Many shook their heads sagely, and declared that they had always had suspicions. The shrine of Louis Napoleon, and reports of a rivalry between the prisoner and the Czar. The leaders of Catiline went about discharging the venom of a soulless spirit, the name of Cicero and not further than all, it was rumored that a slave of Lucius Catiline's had been seen him strike the blow. All over the week him. Not a babyboy friend visited him. The poor scrubbing colporteurs, who had landed him in prison, gave him curses now, or mocking pity, worse than curses.

Then it was that the great heart of woman revealed itself. Let them say what they will of the inferior nature of woman—in honor, in faith, in all that endures to the end—in long suffering, fervent truth, in devotion for a loved one—they are so infinitely superior to man as the everlasting stars to things of earth!

The soul of a beautiful, feeling girl alone was true, "through the darkness, the storm and the chaos." She visited him in his dark prison-house. She laid his pale face upon her bosom; smoothed his hair gentle arms; smoothed his sunken brow with her soft hand, and swore to save him or to die beside him. All that was has many faults. Some are vain, cold, and unfaithful, but a true woman is the gift of God!

"Farewell for a time, my Sallust! I go to Cicero. He will yet be saved."

Tully sat in his own house, reading the "Works and Days" of Hesiod, with Lucilius, a slave scribe, and told him that a lady craved audience with him. An order for her admission was given, and Lucia Nerva entered and fell at his feet.

"Justice, illustrious Cicero! Justice for the innocent!" she exclaimed.

"Who is it, lady?" asked the orator, raising her, "and what is she accused of?"

"It is the young Sallust; and the crime charged is murder!"

"I have heard of the case, lady, but must tell you that I can do nothing. Proofs are strong against him."

"He is innocent, oh Cicero!" she exclaimed. "He is innocent! Listen to me. I am an orphan—without father, mother or brother. I have neither kin nor earth but him. Save him! save him! He was with me on the night of this murder—he could not have done it!"

"I will accompany you, lady, and in all that I can will see I will."

When they reached the court the trial had closed. The verdict had been returned to the Sallust's: he said that he had given it to Lucius Catalina, but no one had seen the gift. Slaves testified to the rivalry, and Popius, in guilt, swore that he had seen the fatal blow struck by the prisoner. The Prator was about to pronounce sentence, when—

"One moment, noble Prætor," said the calm voice of Cicero. "There is yet another witness. Lucia Nerva swore that Sallust was with her till late that night."

"But," said Catalina, "it is the hour of the murder as it is not known. It must have been after he left her."

He is lost!" she sighed, for she saw from the face of Cicero that no more could be done. At that moment some one touched her arm. She turned and saw a deformed and hideous slave.

"Was he aught to you?" he asked.

"Aught! he was my all!"

"Then I will save him! I am the son of that old Thessalian whose feeble life you saved. Lucius Cataline, behold my only friend; feeling! Noble Prætor, I have sworn falsely: my hand struck the blow." And rapidly, with the eloquence of truth, he told his story; and Sallust was free.

But Cicero rose once more, and with all his thunder denounced Catiline and his conspiracy. But in vain. The toils of the last of the Sergia were around too much.

"What!" he said, "shall the word of a slave, already perjured, stain the name of a famous Senator? His mother has murdered one brother, and would destroy the second."

They would not condemn him, but without judgment was passed upon the slave.

"I, later, execute here!" said the Prator; and they led Portia forth. One swing of the sword—one blow—and the head rolled in the dust, and the pulse ceased forever in a heart.

"Linked is one virtue and a thousand crimes."

The Orator again, as Cataline [illegible] said Cicero as he left the hall.

Faithfully did Sallust love Lucia Nerva; and with the instrument he built her, when she fell from for Elysium, will tell.

"To be, or not to be, the second"—The answer Rescue—both answer!

Agricultural.

AMMONIA.

This principle, so important in the development of vegetable life, is a compound of hydrogen and nitrogen. The constituent gases of which it is composed, (one part nitrogen to three parts hydrogen) are the same quality, but it admits of easy distinction from all other compounds, products by its smell, as in common hartshorn and smelling salts, and by its quick alkaline taste.

Ammoniacal gas is readily absorbed by most substances, and by all vegetable matter when in a state of putrescence and decay. Charcoal absorbs ninety-five times its own bulk of this gas. The quantity absorbed by sand, however, is much greater. If a bottle, filled with this gas be submerged in pure water, the latter will immediately rush in and fill the bottle. If the quantities of ammonia be abundant a green quality of this element will absorb really six hundred and seventy-three times its own bulk of gas. In this state it is the common hartshorn of the shops. We have, in this gas, a tangible evidence of the results of combination, and the power it oftentimes exerts, in investing substances with new characters. Hydrogen and nitrogen, themselves destitute of smell or taste, absorbed by carbon in stated proportions, produce a compound substance distinguished by both these qualities: it extinguishes flame, as do the gases of which it is composed, and besides them is inflammable; and harness the principles of life in vegetables and animals, and gradually de-compounds their texture by eating into and loosening their tissues, as the affinities of their component parts.—*Hallowell Cultivator.*

BEES.

Bee hives frequently become foul, from dead bees and their excrement. Foul bees' feces, affects the health of the whole swarm, and makes them dull and sluggish. In the spring the bottom board should be thoroughly cleansed and whitewashed, and the lower edges of the hive should be whitewashed, and the inside of the hive up to the comb, and the same operation on the cover. Most of the bees will be useful in promoting the health of bees, protecting the hive against the moth and bee ant, and in drying up all cracks, and depriving the moths of any good place for laying their eggs.

We have practiced mixing fine salt with whitewash, plentifully, even more than will dissolve, and both the lime and salt appear to be grateful to the bees, which collect it freely. With this coarse mixture sluggish swarms will immediately become active. In white-washing our bees several times in a year, using salt freely, we have never been troubled with the bee-moth, though mostly keeping bees, and a part of the time in sections of the country where the moth has generally been very destructive.

We cannot say positively that lime and salt will prevent the operations of moths, but properly attended to, and every crack and crevice where the bees are found, the inside and also bottom board be well covered with whitewash, we have no doubt that it will greatly impede, if not wholly prevent the destructive effects of moths.—*Boston Cultivator.*

HOW TO FORETELL THE WEATHER.

We have never seen many people who could always answer truly, when asked the weather-to-morrow, yet there are signs that are useful to sailors and farmers, and pretty correct observers of nature. The following observations from the coincidences of old were declared to be infallible: A morning rainbow, though not a regular sign, is against rain.

A late general calm will be named for young haymakers. When the wind is south, or east of south, we may look for rain. When the rain in 12 hours, even though there was a drought. When the sun sets in a cloud, don't make much hay—a sunset. When the sun rises clear and soon passes behind a cloud, look out for fair weather. When a storm clears off in the night time, it will rain again soon. If a cricket comes in the house, fallowful weather.

For all parts of Massachusetts a southeasterly wind gives the best promise of steady hay weather. A cool good to some uncertain; a south wet is all some; and a north east or east wind is that which gives you clouds and small showers for hay or those works together, not long-ing a sudden shower but a course of alternate dropping and dry clouds. Note—All signs of rain fail in very dry weather.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

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Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 2, 1856.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of Graham's Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new premiums.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new premiums.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, twenty copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two premiums.

For FIFTY DOLLARS, one set of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, four copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The last month of Summer is entered upon; and with it comes the "Fall of the Leaf," and of the "Fall of the Year." By the way—do our readers remember that this designation of the autumn is a Pure Americanism? It is not assuming too much, we think, to trace this phrase back to the original inhabitants of the American continent. It has all the simple poesy and beauty—the designation of the season by the Fall of the Leaf—which is in perfect keeping with the habits of life and love of the Indian's habits of speech and description. Here, then, is an "Americanism," which is worth claiming descent from the Aborigines. Before there were "Western Times" on our continent, the mighty forests offered, in their changing foliage, a beautiful record of the flight of time—the ever-changing leaf—the grateful shade, and then, when shade was no longer needed, the fall.

No. 2. The heart of New England rent at the publication of the Blue Laws. By J. Norton Boston, 12mo. 1660. $4,125.

18. Remarkable occurrences in a voyage from England, &c. 1745. $4,70.

123. Cotton on Canticles, 12mo. 1642. $3,871.

125. Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America. By a Gentlewoman in those parts. $3,971.

141. Simplicitie's defence against seven headed Church government in New England—1646. A pamphlet. $9,00.

LATE FROM MEXICO.

The Governor Cutler Woodbury, Captain Foster, has arrived at New Orleans, without that indemnity, as was expected. After waiting a month at Vera Cruz, the fourth installment of the Mexican indemnity, and receiving official information that there was no prospect of its being paid for a long time, Captain F. left for New Orleans in the first vessel.

News of the rejection of the treaty of the United States Senate was received at Vera Cruz, via Campeachy, on the 19th instant. It was immediately forwarded by express to Mexico. The news gave great joy at Vera Cruz, and a carnival of American blood was expected from it.

The Mexicans are building a new Custom House, repairing substantially the mole of the port, and beautifying the city buildings, &c. The navy in port, consisting of three brigs, four of five schooners, and two mere gun-boats, are lying inactive and mostly in ordinary, though said to be preparing for active operations.

General Santa Anna still remains in his official shrub in a broken pot, we are ready to make affidavit that there is not a greater in London's wide circuit for the flowers. Neither shall we forget the kindness with which we were met by Mr. Dimond, Esq., American Consul at Vera Cruz, was about to leave for the City of Mexico.

The Mier prisoners celebrated the 4th, and day and night were spent in fun and frolicking, the garrison of the Castle of Perote joining them with abundance of cheer for the occasion.

Official reports of the shooting of thirty-seven of the followers of Santanaal, in the square of Tobasco, had been received at Vera Cruz. The Reform and Church party were interceded for their countrymen engaged in this affair, but without success. The Government, on refusing, told them "it would be much more friendly toward Mexico, and better for the individuals, had their agents in New Orleans protected their lives in case they had sunk their baskets; and remind the passer-by that it is worth his while, even at midsummer, to go through the coarse and costly process of his internal laboratory, in order that he may still live and witness what a cheerful world this is, and how good it is to be old.

So much for random moralizing. But, in truth, in the present very quiet state of affairs, we have nothing to write about, save the little else for one to do in his "spare." Communication of the latest news is no longer monopolies of the dining room, or the evening dessert facts. A summer calm rests upon business, and even "Gossip" has resigned herself to the enjoyment of the full luxury of laziness. In a little while our restoring friends will be back upon us, full of renewed health, and disposed to be active again. But, for the present, all is quiet, and we trust to enter upon the Winter months and even more than wonted contentment and plenty.

CREDITABLE.

We learn from the Boston Advertiser that a London bookseller, who has published large editions of a work by an American prize, wrote to the author by the last steam packet, stating an account of the sales of the reprints, and informing him that he had paid to the author the credit a certain number of pounds sterling, for which he desired the latter to draw. It is gratifying to remark, in this case, that there was no previous understanding or agreement between the author and the publisher—there is nothing in the publication of the author which gives the transaction the color or character of justice. It is simply and purely the rendering to a man, of what he considers justice to another.

The impression appears to be prevalent that the reprints of reprints without compensation to the authors the American booksellers are the only gainers. This, however, is not the case. Many fortunes have been made in England by the reprints of American books though they are often in the reprints, disgusted to the enjoyment of the full luxury of honors. In a little while our restoring friends will be back upon us, full of renewed health, and disposed to be active again. But, for the present, all is quiet, and we trust to enter upon the Winter months and even more than wonted contentment and plenty.

TERRIBLE TORNADO.

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Now mark the sequel. It appears from statements in the Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer, that the persons who have been arrested, and are in confinement at Fayetteville, in that State. There are three of them, by the names of Stephen Reese, and they are said to have frequently boasted of the crime; they will be convicted, it is said, on the testimony of many witnesses. It is also stated that the Rev. Mr. Reese has confessions, and then all over the country. Some effort was made to bring his murderers to justice, but without success.

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I am now diligently employed in the noblest and responsible part of the business, so that my time is tied by the sequin at Macao.

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A GREAT LIBRARY.

The sale of the library of the late Duke of Sussex is an event which has been looked forward to with no small degree of interest by the bibliomaniacs of England. The sale was still in progress at our last advices, the books being divided into three parts. The first comprised his extraordinary collection of Bibles and theological works; the second, the collection of manuscripts; and the third, the historical books and works on general literature. The catalogue of the first of these parts numbers of 700 pages, inclided 5,554 lots, roughly estimated at 10,000 volumes. The sale of this division occupied no less than twenty-four days, and the first nine days devoted almost exclusively to the disposal of the rare collection of Bibles above alluded to.

Among the rare works sold we find the following: A copy of the *Psalterium Davidis*, the first edition, and Augustinian Catholicon Breviary, printed upon vellum, excessively rare bible manuscript, gilt leaves, of the year 1417. and the only other copy known to exist is in the library of the King of France, £50; Bibles Sacra Hebraica, cum Punctis et Accentibus; a very ancient edition, printed upon vellum, at Naples, about 1491 or 1492; the only other perfect copy upon vellum is that which belonged to De Bure, and is now in the Royal Library, £135. These two lots produced the highest prices during the day. A copy of the Prophetæ Majores, Hebraice, cum punctis et accentibus, first edition, Soncino, 1485, brought £12. The Biblia Hebraica Pentateuchus, Constantin, 1546, gilt, 15s, and the Pentateuch, same reign, &c. (first edition of the Pentateuch, printed upon vellum) 1483, £11. Much anxious competition was displayed for these lots.

We notice that there has been a recent sale in Boston, of the curious and ancient. Some of the titles and prices command attention the following. There could not, by the way, be better indices of the character of the times in which they were printed, than these extracts. It is not necessary that we go beyond them to understand the matter of the books, the sentiments of their writers, or the kind of public to whom they addressed themselves.

No. 2. The heart of New England rent at the publication of the Blue Laws. By J. Norton Boston, 12mo. 1660. $4,125.

18. Remarkable occurrences in a voyage from England, &c. 1745. $4,70.

123. Cotton on Canticles, 12mo. 1642. $3,871.

125. Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America. By a Gentlewoman in those parts. $3,971.

141. Simplicitie's defence against seven headed Church government in New England—1646. A pamphlet. $9,00.

LATE FROM MEXICO.

The Governor Cutler Woodbury, Captain Foster, has arrived at New Orleans, without that indemnity, as was expected. After waiting a month at Vera Cruz, the fourth installment of the Mexican indemnity, and receiving official information that there was no prospect of its being paid for a long time, Captain F. left for New Orleans in the first vessel.

News of the rejection of the treaty of the United States Senate was received at Vera Cruz, via Campeachy, on the 19th instant. It was immediately forwarded by express to Mexico. The news gave great joy at Vera Cruz, and a carnival of American blood was expected from it.

The Mexicans are building a new Custom House, repairing substantially the mole of the port, and beautifying the city buildings, &c. The navy in port, consisting of three brigs, four of five schooners, and two mere gun-boats, are lying inactive and mostly in ordinary, though said to be preparing for active operations.

General Santa Anna still remains in his official shrub in a broken pot, we are ready to make affidavit that there is not a greater in London's wide circuit for the flowers. Neither shall we forget the kindness with which we were met by Mr. Dimond, Esq., American Consul at Vera Cruz, was about to leave for the City of Mexico.

The Mier prisoners celebrated the 4th, and day and night were spent in fun and frolicking, the garrison of the Castle of Perote joining them with abundance of cheer for the occasion.

Official reports of the shooting of thirty-seven of the followers of Santanaal, in the square of Tobasco, had been received at Vera Cruz. The Reform and Church party were interceded for their countrymen engaged in this affair, but without success. The Government, on refusing, told them "it would be much more friendly toward Mexico, and better for the individuals, had their agents in New Orleans protected their lives in case they had sunk their baskets; and remind the passer-by that it is worth his while, even at midsummer, to go through the coarse and costly process of his internal laboratory, in order that he may still live and witness what a cheerful world this is, and how good it is to be old.

So much for random moralizing. But, in truth, in the present very quiet state of affairs, we have nothing to write about, save the little else for one to do in his "spare." Communication of the latest news is no longer monopolies of the dining room, or the evening dessert facts. A summer calm rests upon business, and even "Gossip" has resigned herself to the enjoyment of the full luxury of laziness. In a little while our restoring friends will be back upon us, full of renewed health, and disposed to be active again. But, for the present, all is quiet, and we trust to enter upon the Winter months and even more than wonted contentment and plenty.

CREDITABLE.

We learn from the Boston Advertiser that a London bookseller, who has published large editions of a work by an American prize, wrote to the author by the last steam packet, stating an account of the sales of the reprints, and informing him that he had paid to the author the credit a certain number of pounds sterling, for which he desired the latter to draw. It is gratifying to remark, in this case, that there was no previous understanding or agreement between the author and the publisher—there is nothing in the publication of the author which gives the transaction the color or character of justice. It is simply and purely the rendering to a man, of what he considers justice to another.

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PARAGUAY.

Little has been said of this one-descript Republic, since the death of its late Dictator, Dr. Francia, which occurred four or five years since. A great deal of speculation was, at that time, entered into by the newspapers, as to whether the Republic would maintain its position after the death of the Dr. We now hear that the Republic is governed by two Consuls, after the example of Rome in its best days. The two Consuls are Carlos Antonio Lopez and Mariano Roque Alonzo. They were elected for three years. The seat of government is at Asuncion, on the river Paragua, or La Plata, to the northward of Buenos Ayres. A message of the Consuls to the National Legislature, dated 15th of last April, represents the country to be in a prosperous condition.

If the country remains quiet and prosperous, it will be a high compliment to Francia's memory. If he had been the unfeeling and unreasonable despot which some writers and letter writers have delighted to describe him, a natural effect of the release from his iron rule would be anarchy and confusion. The absence of these, we must regard, as a high testimony to the character of his government.

THE MORMONS.

Efforts are being made to procure a repeal of the charter of the City of Nauvoo, by requiring the candidates for the Legislature, of both parties, to declare themselves in favor of such a measure. As the instrument now stands, it confers upon the corporation of the city principles and powers more ample than any municipal history; and these grants are willful so heavily scrolled, that they will bear a most latitudinarian construction. The people of Nauvoo Legion was another great mistake in Legislation, which has done a great deal of mischief. A standing army is a dangerous element in taking away undue privileges, they go farther and do injustice to the Mormons. Fanaticism, as experience has shown, may be, they will have rights as citizens.

THE ICE TRADE.

The ice trade is becoming a branch of traffic of great importance to Boston. The exportation of ice to Calcutta was the unanswerable fact which proved the possibility of sending it any where in the sun; and it was also provided that the rays of the sun are kept away from it. Large hotels and other establishments, in Great Britain, are building houses especially for the storage of American ice; and in a little while we shall find the export of ice to Great Britain a large and growing item. The exports from Boston to various ports in the month of June were: 4,097 tons, of which there went to Liverpool 1,000, Calcutta 856, St. Jago 200, Trinidad 10, New Orleans 2,160, Mobile 441, Charleston 500.

GOOD HUMOR.

Nothing blunts the edge of woe so much as philosophical good humor in enduring it. The West has always been proverbial for this characteristic; but we have never seen a better specimen of dry, desperate wit, than is shown by a merchant in Boonville, Mo., who writes to his correspondent in this city, as follows:—"I have shipped to your address nearly all the Missouri bottoms, fields, crops, gardens, houses, stores, warehouses, goods, furniture, fences, cattle, sheep, hogs, and almost every sorplus article of value. I make you this valuable shipment without requiring an invoice, and desire you to sell 'to arrive' or 'afloat,' and forward me sales and proceeds with as little delay as possible."

BOSTON EVENING GAZETTE.

We observe that our contemporaries of the Boston Evening Gazette, have rejuvenated that paper in appearance by the introduction of a new type graphical dress. The Gazette is one of the oldest and best family newspapers in New England; being conducted with ability and excellent judgment. In its literary selections and original papers it keeps uniform pace with the times, and we sincerely congratulate it upon the admission of matter unfit for the family circle, whatever may be its interest or talent. The articles, also, are well and neatly collated; and in every respect it is a paper which deserves its uniform success.

PHILADELPHIA SHIPPING.

The Ledger says that the number engaging at our wharves is greater in amount of tonnage now, than for many years past. The principal articles of export are coal, flour, and the manufactories of the Eastern States. Iron vessels and propellers will do wonders for this State; we take them up to St. Philip's church, Vandegrift was committed on the charge of riot, treason, and being accessory in murder.

AN EXTENSIVE ARRANGEMENT.

Mr. Wise, the celebrated aeronaut, made an ascension on Friday morning week from a tavern yard near Caldwell and Third streets. In rising he had not much room for the ascent, and about two months, a judgment was rendered on the 19th of January, in favor of plaintiffs for the sum of $50,000. About fifty families were made homeless.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

A little boy, about 12 years of age named Caspar Albert, a son of John Albert, of Mary street, was run over by a railroad car, in Dock street near Second, on Saturday afternoon, and had both his feet and one of his hands dreadfully crushed by the wheels of the car. He was carried to the Pennsylvania Hospital.

Two deaths by drowning occurred on Saturday last in the Delaware. Both the sufferers were lads of about twelve years of age, both were bathing, and neither could swim. One was the son of Mr. Jacob K. Search, in Christian street above Fifth. The other was named Garrey, and his parents reside in Elmer's Alley.

DESERTER.

Four deserters from the British army recently arrived here in an open boat from Halifax, having suffered hardships almost incredible by the way. As deserters they cannot be arrested here, but for the theft of the boat, they may be. The boat belonged and has been claimed by the British Consul.

The Reindeer has issued thirty-seven warrants for persons engaged in the late riots. Of these, eight are in prison, one dead of wounds received from his fellow rioters before the arrest, another died from a natural disease fled, and four are not yet taken, but supposed to be in the neighborhood of the city.

It is stated that the "Ordinance" passed by the City Councils some time since, regulating the Fire Department, but which has been compensated, will be enforced with full vigor, the Councils having taken the necessary steps to that effect.

Alderman Ross, on Thursday week, held to bail, in $1,000, a man named William Abel, who was charged with being a participant in a forcible fight, on Thursday night, at Broad and Callowhill streets.

Harry Conry.—John W. Smith, charged with murder, high treason and riot, has had another hearing before Judge Jones, which resulted in the amount of his bail being lowered from $12,500 to $6,000.

Admitted to Practice.—On motion of Dr. Joel B. Sutherland, in the Court of Common Pleas, on Saturday morning, Robert Tyler, Esq., was admitted in practice as an Attorney at Law.

The city ice-boat has been thoroughly overhauled and strengthened, and is now ready to do efficient duty in keeping the river open this winter.

Caspar Roberts was arrested on Friday week, charged with being one of the most desperate rioters in Southwark. He is held to answer.

Subscriptions for the Soldiers's Fund are now received at the residence of the Treasurer, Thomas K. White, Esq., 234 Walnut street.

The whole number of persons arrested, charged with participation in the Southwark riots, is nearly or quite sixty.

The British Wesleyan Christians, from Belfast, arrived here on Monday, with 200 emigrants on board.

The First Company of State Fencibles, Capt. Page, will shortly parade in new uniforms.

General News.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.—The schooner Herald arrived last week, at Baltimore, from Boston, and on the 16th ult. in lat. 38 40, long. 72 36, a brigantine capsized and nearly full of water. The schooner

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to Fund their subscriptions and receive the usual "Post" of three cents a month. Agents will please remember that no paper can be sent without payment.

Other letters will be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if ordered so to be.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Letters should be addressed to Louis Bush, Publisher, and always post paid. Subscribers will please give the name of the Post Office to which their paper is directed. Letters from subscribers always state the Post Office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, until we have published an arrangement.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilson.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our travelling agent for Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, and by Master Master, Jos. K. Smith, G. H. Constant, J. H. Hollingsworth, and H. D. Hollingsworth.

JOHN NUTTING, Canada, East and West

PERCY L. LEWIS is authorized to act in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, created by James K. Mengan, Virginia H. Wild, G. H. Constant, and Percy L. Lewis.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania. JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

WORKS OF Rev. SYDNEY SMITH. *Philadelphia*: Lea & Blanchard.—We have here in three beautiful octavo volumes, uniform with the Miscellanies of Macaulay, Scott, and Wilson, the Works of Rev Sydney Smith. The two first volumes are a portion of the collected edition of the articles originally published in the Edinburgh Review. The rest of the volumes will be filled up with the miscellaneous speeches, letters written over the author's own name, and that, by no means inferior to the celebrated letters of Peter Plymley. The type is compact, and the quantity of matter, therefore, great; but it is all so nearly all a part of the character of the author, whether as Wit, Political, and General. There seems to be in some of it the conscientious effort of a writer who is desirous to display his literary reputation, but the whole is written with an ease and freedom, which leaves no doubt of the writer's satisfaction with the matter which he has brought to the world. The work will be issued in the usual style of the publishers for the neat edition.

HUMAN HEALTH: *Or the Influence of Air and Locality, Change of Climate, Seasons, Situation, Food, Sleep, &c., on Human Health, constituting Elements of Hygiene. By Hedley Vaughhouse, M. D. Philadelphia*: Lea & Blanchard.—This is a new edition of a valuable and highly approved work; containing many modifications and corrections. For choice of the work has been subjected by the author to a complete revision; and in the new edition, or by supplied in the form of notes, or amongst those, who, learned as they are in classical knowledge, would, two years ago, have declined to seek for fruit beyond Egypt, Greece, and Rome." And Mr. G.'s published "Chapters," have also been widely read, and favorably quoted abroad.

But the letters received by Mr. G., above referred to, contain something as interesting to the public at large, as gratifying to Mr. G. The following facts, relative to the labors of the Perseus servers, will be found important. We believe the shall have the thanks of the whole country, and close our remarks to-day, with the expression of a hope, that we may yet take the earliest possible day to let his large classes of authors have been listen to the latest news from the land of the Nile and the Papyrus.

The Prussian artists and architects have made accurate surveys of all the Pyramids and Ruins of Egypt, Ethiopia, excepting those in Nubia, whither they were then proceeding on their way down the Nile. While at Cairo, Mr. Abeken had studied their researches up the Blue Nile, into Sennaar, to the 13th parallel of north latitude, and the ancient capital and ruins of ancient date existed beyond that point. Mr. Abeken put into their respective hands, and been left hand at work amidst the Monuments of Meroe. Amidst the pleasing chaos of interrupted results, and valuable discoveries made by their expedition, one most grand fact is irrevocably established, viz.: "that the fabulous antiquity of Meroe has dwindled away," and that the whole island is not perceived; that Meroe is not one vestige of remote antiquity."

Mr. Abeken has made a valuable map, which *Turkish's name* is probably the oldest of the Ethiopian dynasties, 664 B. C. The pyramids of Ethiopia are of very modern date, differing from that *Ptolemaic to Roman* style. Christian ties—i. e., say from 300 B. C. for a period *after Christ*. The object of research, one complete, and the profound views of our learned countryman, Dr. Samuel G. Morton, of Philadelphia, as well as those of Mr. Gliddon (set forth as "probabilities" only, in the latter's "Chapters" and "Lectures" on the lately published "Crania Ægyptica" of the former), are simply confirmed. The extraordinary facts on ancient Natural History, the Natural Translation, and will continue to be read by all lifting the "lame veil" of antiquity to a degree unhoped for by Champollion or any of whose wondrous discoveries each of his disciples successively attributes the glory of the success.

Mr. Lane was at Cairo deeply absorbed in his Arabic researches, the triumphant fruits of which will soon appear. In the mean time Mr. Gliddon will stamp the impress of authenticity to a work now in press in London, entitled, "Nile Boat, or Glimpses of Egypt, by an *English* (which will doubtless *European*, on many fallacies they indulge in about Eastern *Heroes*, and the females in modern Egypt.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ A new edifice for the society of Grace Church, is about to be erected in Providence. It is from the design of Mr. Upjohn, the distinguished architect of Trinity Church, N. York. It is to be of pure Gothic, with a tower two hundred feet in height at the north eastern corner, and will be, when completed, one of the most magnificent ecclesiastical structures in the country. Bishop Henshaw is the pastor of the Church.

☞ The net increase of communicants in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1843, was 108,831. The whole number of communicants in the United States, is 1,111,256. There are connected with Methodist Sunday School Union, 13,509 schools, 25,520 teachers, 245,000 scholars, and 462,176 volumes in libraries.

☞ A congregation for a new Presbyterian Episcopal Church, has been organized in Baltimore, and the members of the vestry have secured a fine lot on Asquith street, near Madison, whereon to erect a church.

☞ The corner stone of a new Presbyterian Church was laid with the usual solemn ceremonies, in Albany, on Monday last.

☞ The Sabbath.—The citizens of Willesbarre, in the number of about two hundred, signed a call for a meeting on Tuesday evening last, with the purpose of impressing upon the community and the friends of good order in particular, the necessity of a better observance of the Sabbath.

☞ Rail Society.—During the last month, the sense from the Department in New York, were larger than during any previous month since the formation of the Society.—Letters enjoin were sent off, in fifteen different languages.

☞ The New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church commenced its session at Wearfield on Wednesday week. Bishops Hedding and Janes are in attendance.

☞ The Rev. James M. Connelly, of the Presbytery of West Tennessee, sailed from New York in the brig Andrew Jackson, for Santa Cruz, West coast of Africa on Saturday last.

☞ A new M. E. church is now being erected in New York, and the work is going rapidly forward. The pastoral charge has been confided to the Rev. Mr. Poind.

☞ The Sunday School Teachers of New York and their friends, to the number of about 1,500, made a grand excursion up the Hudson, on Wednesday week.

Notices of the Dead.

CHRISTIAN GOSSETNUT, Esq., a well known and highly respected citizen, died in this city on Tuesday week. Mr. Gossetnut was a native of Pennsylvania, and, says the Philadelphia Gazette, as long since as 1812, was employed as a clerk, and an engraver of writing, in the establishment of Murry, Draper, Fairman & Co. He was afterwards appointed an engraver at the United States Mint, and on the death of Wm. Kneass, Esq., he succeeded to situation of die-sinker. He was distinguished for his mechanical skill, and for a correct and taste in the fine arts. As a member of society he was valued as a man of intelligence, kind feeling, amiable manners, and unobtrusive piety.

DEATH OF A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.—Mr. Josiah Terry died in Peru, near Plattsburg, on the 27th inst., in the 87th year of his age. Mr. Terry belonged to that band of Patriots who composed the Revolutionary Army, and it is said was present at the capture of Burgoyne. He was well spent life, that he contributed his full share in achieving the independence of his country. The deceased was among the early settlers of Clinton county, having resided forty-eight years in Peru. Mr. T. was a man of sterling integrity in the fullest sense of the word, and was highly esteemed by all his friends and acquaintances.

☞ Sir Henry Rice Gone.—Cornelius Wyck died on Sunday evening of last week, at his residence in Washington, near Princeton, aged 94. He was in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, in the line of battle, and received a bayonet wound, which the Whig says, affected had him in the end of his life. He was in the Regular Confederacy when it was taken, and was sent to a British prison ship in New York, from which he was released in the autumn of 1781. He continued in service to the end of the war, and received an honorable discharge.

DEATH OF A SOLDIER.—We find a notice in the Cleveland Herald of the death of Reuben Beach, at Tallmage, Summit County, Ohio, on the 4th of July, aged 87 years. He entered the 3d Connecticut regiment, in March, 1777, and received his discharge from the army, June 9th, 1783, with a badge of merit, for "six years of faithful service and for his battles at the lines of Long Island, Germantown, and York Town, and was with Wayne in storming Stony Point.

☞ Col. William Walton, of Greene county, Alabama, died on the 18th ult., aged 75 years. He fought through the Revolution and under the immediate command of Lafayette. He served as a member of the North and South Carolina Legislatures, was a member of the Convention that formed the constitution of Alabama, and a representative. He was a senator.

DEATH OF A NAVAL OFFICER.—Lieut. Henry Cadwalader, of the U. S. Navy, died at the residence of his mother, Ninth and Arch streets, on Saturday last, from consumption, which had been laboring for about a week. The deceased was 27 years old, and a son of the late Major General Cadwalader.

☞ The venerable Thomas Parke, L.L. D., formerly professor of languages in South Carolina College, and we believe, at late, Treasurer and Librarian of that institution, died at Winnsborough, S. C., on the 16th inst., in the 80th year of his age.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ The case of the United States vs. Oliver Newton, charged with the piracy of the brig U. S. Schooner, late Superintendent of Indian Affairs, was tried in the Circuit Court, at Detroit, on Thursday last. The jury returned a verdict of $9,965 25, against the defendant. A motion for a new trial was made. The merits of the case were argued by Mr. Schoolcraft in favor of the plaintiff, and Mr. Goldsmith for the defendant. Mr. Gilchrist (set forth as "probabilities" only, in the latter's "Chapters" and "Lectures" on the lately published "Crania Ægyptica" of the former), are simply confirmed. The extraordinary facts on ancient Natural History, the Natural Translation, and will continue to be read by all lifting the "lame veil" of antiquity to a degree unhoped for by Champollion or any of whose wondrous discoveries each of his disciples successively attributes the glory of the success.

☞ A gang of thieves, seven in number, have been arrested in the vicinity of Wilkesbarre, Pa., charged with the larceny of $4,000 committed several depredations, and some of the stolen property has been discovered.

☞ Out of the nine hundred convicts confined in the State Prison of California (Ia.) Barracks say there are six spots now visible in the sun, all of which have made their appearance within the last few days. Illumination of the largest is estimated at 5,000 miles.

☞ The extensive soap and candle manufactory of M. Wolfe & Co., in Cincinnati, Ohio, together with a considerable amount of stock was destroyed by fire on the 22d inst. Loss $10,000 to $12,000.

☞ The Governor of New Jersey has issued his proclamation, offering a reward of three hundred dollars for the apprehension of the person or persons who murdered A. G. Mattox, at North Bergen.

☞ Out of the nine hundred convicts confined in the State Prison of California (Ia.) Barracks, seven hundred were sick last week with the cholera morbus. It is not stated whether any deaths have occurred.

☞ Charles Hotsfield, convicted of robbing the mail at Fayetteville, Arkansas, while acting as Postmaster, Postmaster, has been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor in the Penitentiary.

☞ The Charleston Mercury notices a tree, in that city, on which have been found as many as a thousand nectarines—the fruit being all remarkably large, fair, and of delicious flavor.

☞ The rice crop of South Carolina and Georgia, promises to prove an average, and in some instances better, and the general belief is that a full average crop will be made.

☞ The St. Louis Tribune cautions the public against a gang of counterfeiters encamped on Quarter Eagles, and states that a great many of them are in circulation.

☞ The toll on a single boat which cleared at West Troy, N. Y., on the subject the melting was $453 40, being the largest amount ever paid on one boat.

☞ There are not so less than seven hundred and sixty-two names of the large and extensive family of Smiths in the New York Directory for the present year.

☞ The editor of the New York Journal of Commerce has been presented with an English turnip of this season's growth, 18 inches in circumference.

☞ An "Anti-Swearing Society" has been formed at Columbus, (Ga.) that hundred persons have signed their names to the constitution.

☞ The building going on in Cincinnati is a great boon to a sufficient quantity of workmen has with much difficulty been found.

☞ George W. Thompson, the murderer of Catharine Hamlin, was executed at Lower Sandusky, Ohio, on the 12th ult.

☞ A survey is about to be made for a railroad route between Bellows Falls and Burlington, Vermont.

☞ The total number of tons of Schuylkill coal by canal and railroad this season, is 368,767 tons.

☞ The sugar crop of Louisiana will this year, it is estimated, exceed 100,000 tons.

☞ The Mohawk and Hudson Railroad (N. Y.) will be completed and opened for travel during the month of August.

☞ A company of 150 Norwegians passed through Troy, N. Y., on Saturday week, on their way to Wisconsin.

☞ We learn from the New Orleans papers that a very large number of buildings are now going up in that city.

☞ Two millions of dollars worth of hogs, cattle and sheep are sold annually in Brighton, Mass., near Boston.

Educational.

AMHERST COLLEGE, MASSACHUSETTS.—The commencement exercises of this institution will be attended upon Thursday, the 8th of August. During the afternoon of the day previous, Hon. Wm. H. Seward will address the Literary Societies, after which, Rev. Robert Revere Livingston, late President of Wabash College, will address the Society of the Alumni. In the evening Rev. John Woodbridge, D. D., will address the Society of Inquiry.

THE COMMENCEMENT AT RUTGERS COLLEGE, New Brunswick, was celebrated on Wednesday week, to the satisfaction of a numerous audience. After the speeches, the degree of A. M. was conferred on the Graduating class, 24 in number. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. Henry Ostrom, of Saratoga, New York, and Rev. Nich. J. Marcellus, of New York city.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF BOSTON.—We understand that the Annual Address before this institution, will be delivered in October next, by the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, of Boston; and by the Rev. Dr. Peabody, of New York.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.—The annual commencement of Georgetown College, was held on Thursday, the 25th. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on Lieutenant Lynch, United States Navy. The degree of A. B. was conferred on seven young gentlemen.

Army & Navy.

☞ Lieut. Junius Boyle, of the United States Navy, and now first Lieutenant of the Washington Navy Yard, is about to leave that station for Fort Mahon, in the Mediterranean, as Naval Storekeeper, under the act of Congress passed at the late session, dismissing the present civil incumbents and authorizing the appointment of officers of the Navy.

☞ The Duc de Joinville's famous pamphlet "on the state of the naval forces of France," has been translated and published by Lieut. J. M. Berrien, of our navy, who has prefixed to his edition some practical and professional remarks which will add to the interest of the work, with all other lost professionally or otherwise an interest on the subject.

☞ A detachment of marines, under command of Lieutenant Dewitt, passed through Albany, New York, on Friday, on their route to Erie, Pennsylvania, to join the steam frigate Michigan, Captain Jones.

☞ The U. S. iron steamship Michigan, built at Erie, (Pa.) left that place on the 24th, on an experimental trip down the Lake, to try her capabilities.

☞ United States sloop of war Vandalia sailed from Port au Prince on the 8th ultimo, for Aux Cayes; officers and crew all well.

☞ The Government is advertising for materials to build a ship of the line and other vessels at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Subscribers will find all remittances credited below. Those living in the vicinity of Post Offices, can see how their letters containing money *franked*, if no letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved to the subscription was generally paid to the master. It would be well in as many ways as possible for the subscriber to write his own letter, and subject it to the inspection of the Post Master, and a thank on the outside will be all that the law requires, and will relieve him from much trouble.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from July 13th to the 20th July.

July 14, received from

B. Bordeaux 0 50 | W. W. Young 2 00
T. Downes 2 00 | Mrs E. V. Eary 1 00
J. Conard 1 00 | J. Griswold 2 00
J. Gray 2 00 | J. R. Horne 2 00
J. Horne 2 00 | P. Wheeler 1 00
H. W. Wesson 2 00 | Mrs L. A. Muldrow 1 00
J. S. Hollingsworth 4 00 | Dr. W. Davis 2 00
Mrs. Hollingsworth 2 00 | Dr. W. Davis 2 00
H. Thompson 1 00 | F. B. Dawson 10 00
D. Shaw 1 00

July 15.

A. Hall 2 00 | J. Lincoln 1 00
D. D. Crosby 2 00 | E. J. Janney 1 00
J. H. McQueen 4 00 | Miss M. A. Slugett 1 00
J. Ely 2 00 | R. S. Bowne 2 00
G. Finkbinder 1 25 | E. Black 4 00
J. Bell 2 00 | J. S. Blakey 4 00
D. Carpenter 4 00 | G. R. Browne 2 00

July 16.

Dr. O. H. Partridge 17 00 | T. H. Craig 2 00
H. S. Wade 2 00 | J. Upton 2 00
J. Ely 2 00 | Mrs. Ann Lee 2 00
D. D. Ahl 2 00 | E. Leslie 1 00
M. Pearson, Jr. 2 00 | B. Richardson 2 00
H. Townsend 2 00 | W. Thompson 2 00
J. Middleton 2 00 | D. Meyers 2 00
E. Penin, Jr. 2 00 | A. Conner 2 00
D. Edmondson 2 00 | Miss J. Fox 2 00
J. Ely 2 00 | J. Wiley 2 00
M. T. James 4 00 | T. T. Broomall 2 00
C. Butterworth 2 00 | C. K. Dorwick 2 00
W. Brown 4 00 | S. T. Swift 15 00

July 17.

T. Foley 12 00 | J. Mayo 1 00
C. Wright 2 00 | J. Mayo 1 00
G. B. Zeiber 13 00 | G. S. Cowin 2 00
J. Watts 10 00 | J. F. Gould 4 00
J. Reed 1 00 | A. Reeves 2 00
J. Reed 1 00 | E. V. Sautier 10 00
J. Reed 1 00 | E. V. Sautier 10 00
C. Lamb 2 00 | C. K. Grey 2 00

July 20.

J. O. D. Lilley 2 00 | T. W. Pound 2 00
H. O. Snyder 2 00 | H. L. Dupuy 2 00
Rev. C. Eyre 2 00 | Rev. W. F. Lehman 2 00
Nos. Cullen 2 00 | J. C. Edwards 1 00
J. Ely 2 00 | Mrs. Ann Mallett 2 00
D. Carret 10 00 | A. A. Abernathy 50
Rev. Wade Jones 2 00 | E. S. Gaither 2 00
J. S. Sprigher 4 00 | Capt. J. Stewart 1 00
J. Ely 2 00 | J. Ely 2 00
J. S. Marsh 2 00 | S. R. Dunstan 30 00
J. Dennison 2 00 | R. T. Marshall 10 00
J. Ely 2 00

July 20

J. Allen 2 00 | J. Allen 2 00
J. Engle 2 00 | J. Moore 2 25
J. F. Pierce, agt. 50 00 | J. Thompson 2 00
J. T. Johnson 6 00 | M. V. Lewis 2 00
J. Hurst 6 00 | A. Baker 17 00
J. Vincent 2 00 | D. O. Millet 17 00
J. P. Lynch 2 00 | G. Bond 2 00

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE is a positive cure for Bowel and Summer Complaints, and for the *American Methodist Church*.

The undersigned having been efficient during the past winter with a disease in the stomach, sometimes producing distress, and at times pain, after the exercise had without interposed, and having tried various remedies with little relief, was furnished with a bottle of Dr. D. JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM. This he used according to the directions, and found relief from the first dose. I am satisfied that it is the best medicine ever offered to the citizens of literary societies every young seminarian was recently quoted. The medicine was given without any certain indications of the approach of pain were perceived, and the pain was thereby prevented. The medicine may be made the case every evening, and sometimes in the morning, and in a few weeks health was so far restored, that the sufferer was relieved from a large amount of oppression. From experience, therefore, he can confidently recommend Dr. D. JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, as a safe, speedy, and effectual remedy for the disease. Sold by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 Spruce street, Philadelphia.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 Spruce street, Philadelphia.

BARNHILL'S INDELIBLE INK

The subscriber has received a supply of this valuable Ink, which he confidently recommends to the public as the very best in the market.

It is used without a preparation, and produces a jet black and indelible impression if applied according to directions.

EDWARD BARNHILL,
1812 Druggist South and Chestnut streets.

BARNHILL'S INDELIBLE PEN

Just received a supply of this celebrated Ink, and having tested it thoroughly, I am prepared to warrant it equal, if not superior to any Ink in the United States, of the imported. ALEXANDER HARPER,
1812 Wholesale Druggist, No. 47 Market street.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

5000 shares Wilmington R. R. 77@79
1700 do. Reading, R. 21@21¼
400 do. United States Bank, 9@9¼
10 do. Mechanics Bank, 37
22 do. Man. & Mec. Bank, 65
10 do. Farmers' Exchange Bank, 95
10 do. Girard Bank, 97
10 do. Tuckahoe Bank, 90
10 do. Philadelphia Bank, 90
10 do. Schuylkill Bank, 111
10 do. Commercial Bank of Kentucky, 80
10 do. Pennsylvania Bank, 200
10 do. American Fire Insurance Co., 98
$300 Penna 5's, 97
$1000 Reading, R. R. 6's, 90
$900 County 5's, 1860, 97
$1000 do. 5's, 1861, 97
$2000 Lehigh Mortgage Loan, 97
$4000 Penna 5's, 97
$1000 Lehigh 6's, 1844, 100
$9000 Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1935, 85
$1000 Northern Liberties 6's, 1865, 93

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

We were shown a three dollar counterfeit, or rather altered note, on the Bank of the Hagerstown Valley, signed A. Sterley, Cashier, issue Davis, President. The engraving is tolerably well done, but there is a want of correctness. The paper is coarse, and the ink of the signatures is very much faded.

The New York papers contain the new title of the Farmer's Bank of Rhode Island, printed from the genuine plate. The Bank of Rhode Island is a new institution, and is counterfeited that they cannot be distinguished from the genuine. The counterfeits on the Bank of Rhode Island are refused by the banks, and they are consequently unsaleable.

Counterfeit one dollar notes on the Hagerstown Bank, Md., are in circulation in this State; also Ohio, Bank of Steubenville, Ohio, altered to Bank of Lake Erie, 1841, are in circulation in this State. Counterfeit $5's on the Bank of Lancaster, Pa., are also in circulation.

Counterfeit $5's on the Philadelphia Bank have been put in circulation. The counterfeits are from the same plate as the counterfeits on the Greenwich Bank of New York, and the Bank of Pittsburgh, and others, which were put afloat one or two years since. The counterfeits are vignette of an eagle, very coarsely executed. The Philadelphia Bank has issued no three dollar bills.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Ashes—Small sales of American pots at $4 50. Barrels of quercitron bark moderate at $23 50 per ton, three do. at $24 per do. *Beeswax*—Sales of 2,000 lbs. yellow at 22c. *Bristles*—Sales of 500 lbs. at 22c. *Cotton*—The inconvenient cost to the consumer, and the difficulty of procuring bills of exchange, have caused a decline of 25 on cotton. Comfort—New Bedford hydraulic sperm candles, 30c. *Flour and Meal*—Sales of 1,000 bbls. at $4 12½ on 6 mos. *Corn*—The demand limited. Sales of about 2,000 bags Louisiana and 2c. bags of the Penn. at 37c. *Grain*—Sales of 1,000 bushels Penna. wheat, at 90c. Southern wheat are arriving, and sell readily at 90c. Rye sells at 50c. *Grass Seeds*—Sales of 1,000 lbs. Penna. at 3c. *Hay and Straw*—Timothy readily commands 95 cents@$1 per 100 lbs. Clover, 75 cents. Rye straw $1 00@$1 12½. *Hides*—Sales of 2,000 lbs. at 6½@7c. *Molasses*—Prices are well sustained. Sales of 100 bbls. at 28c. *Oil*—Sales of 100 gallons Lard at 85c. Sperm sells at 37½@40c. *Provisions*—Sales of 100 bbls Pork Rum, part at 30c. and part on short notice. Sales of 100 bbls. Beef at $8 50@$9. Sales of 100 bbls. Pork at 40 bbls. 36. Cloud 2c. about 300 boxes inferior Havana Sugars at 4½@5c. Sales of 75 and 80 Cuba, part at 6½@7c. Sales of 300 bags Coffee, part at 7½@7¾c. *Tallow*—Sales of 1,000 lbs. at 7½@8c. *Whiskey*—Sales of 100 bbls. at 23c. *Wool*—Sales of 1,000 lbs. at 30c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia—The offerings reached 650 head beef cattle, 1,000 cows and calves, 750 sheep, and 1,000 hogs at Broad street. Market—Beef cattle 100 head arrived from Ohio, 70 from Virginia, and the balance from Pa. Prices—$4 50@$5 50. Sales about 400 head at $5 to $5 50. Springers at $15 to 18, and dry cows at $6 to 12. Sales of 750 at $4@$5 per 100 lbs. Sheep—Sales of 750 at $1 50 to 3 50, and lambs at $1 25 to 2 50, as in quality.

Baltimore—Beef cattle—1,000 head arrived, 500 sold. Cows and calves, and 2,000 sheep and lambs. Prices of cattle $3@$5 50. Cows and calves $20@$45. Sheep and lambs, 3½@4½c—some fancy lots as high as 5c. Hogs—Receipts 1,000 head. Sales at $5 25@$5 50.

Richmond, July 15—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $3 50@$4 50. Sheep, $2 50@$3 50. Hogs, $5 25, according to quality. Veals sell from 2½ to 3½ cents by the pound weight. Lambs from $1 to 1 25.

Baltimore, July 16—There were 740 head beef cattle offered this morning, about 600 sold at prices ranging from $4 to $5 50 per 100 lbs. gross—the most of them at $5 per 100 lbs. Sheep—Sales of 1,000 head at 3@4c. Hogs—We have no sales at $4 to 4.50 per 100 lbs.

SADDLE NARRAGANSETT.—If we read the history of Rhode Island aright, the Narragansetts are a race of which we are still more astonished that they die. And yet in the midst of this melancholy reflection comes to us an organ which prepare and modify the blood, and a remedy, directed to the seat of disease, will remove a host of complaints. It is the peculiar characteristic of Swaim's Panacea to act upon the blood, and through that upon the whole system. Its effects are always permanent, and radical and thorough. The health of the human system depends upon the purity of the blood, and whatever purifies the vitiating fluid which pervades every tissue, every membrane, every fibre, every nerve, every muscle, every or subordinate—of the body be charged with weakness or disease, sickness must be the consequence, and only the causes of disease existing in the blood, are eradicated, no permanent cure can be effected. Swaim's Panacea is the greatest health restoring properties of Rhode's Panacea—it is an antidote to the blood for the cause, the seat of disease, and all eruptive diseases, as well as in all diseases of the blood, whether it be in the constitution or the skin.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy see pamphlets, which can be obtained of agents gratis.

Prepared by Wm. Swaim, S. P. Thompson, corner of Sansom street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 Spruce Third street.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States, and by Merchants generally in Canada.

Prepared only by Wm. Swaim, S. P. Thompson, corner of Sansom street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 Spruce Third street.

DYSPEPSIA DEATH.—Apoplexy, Bursting of Blood Vessels, &c. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are curious in all cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and all diseases arising from the body these corrupt and stagnant humors, which, when existing in the blood, produce disease. The cause of a determination or rush of blood to the head, a suffocating sensation, and other distressing symptoms.

From two to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills taken at night, will relieve the most severe case of Dyspepsia in a few days. Those who have been afflicted with pain in the breast, with Sudden Death, Apoplexy, Bursting of Blood Vessels, and other sudden deaths, will do well to avoid every cause from the body.

Sold at 56 cents a box.—The public are respectfully cautioned that all *Pretending Agents* who sell genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are hereby notified that Dr. Wright has NO AGENTS in Philadelphia.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, No. 206 North Second street, No. 216 Race street, No. 6 Commerce street, No. 23 Church street, New York, and No. 8 Court square, Boston. Also, for sale by Wm. Thompson, No. 133 Liberty St., Pittsburg.

Beware of counterfeits. Observe *George Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*, and beware of branding imposters.

HEALTH OFFICE, JULY 27, 1844.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia and Districts of Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington.

From the 20th to the 27th of July.

DISEASES.	NUMBER.	DISEASES.	NUMBER.
Apoplexy,	1	Drought, sore,	1
Casualties,	1	Dysentery,	1
Consumption of the Bowels,	1	Hooping Cough,	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	9	Inflammation of the Bowels,	1
Convulsions,	1	Liver,	1
Debility,	1	Lungs,	1
Decay,	1	Measles,	1
Disease of Brain,	1	Old Age,	1
Heart,	1	Stomach,	1
Dropsy,	1	Teething,	1
Dropsy in the Head,	1	Unknown,	1
Edema on Brain,	1	Whooping Cough,	1
Fever, Typhoid,	1	Total,	136—6
Fever, Scarlet,	1		
Fever, Nervous,	1		
Fever, Typhus,	1		

Carried over, 136—6

Of the above there were 71 from the almshouse, 2 from the prison, 1 from the Penitentiary, and 1 stillborn. Of the total number 68 were children under 5 years.

By order of the Board of Health.
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

July 21,	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
22,	74	86	86
23,	76	86	86
24,	76	86	86
25,	76	86	86
26,	76	86	86
27,	76	86	86

ALMANAC.

August, 1844.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.	MOON'S PHASES.
Thursday,	4 50	7 12	0 47	
2 Friday,	5 1	7 0	0 33	
3 Saturday,	5 2	6 59	0 19	
4 Sunday,	5 3	6 58	8 6	
5 Monday,	5 4	6 56	8 49	Last 5 10 21
6 Tuesday,	5 4	6 55	9 49	New 13 9 35
7 Wednesday,	5 5	6 54	10 51	First 20 7 34
8 Thursday,	5 7	6 53	11 58	Full 27 7 34

Married,

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Ensor, Mr. CHARLES H. MOSS, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARGARET C. HOOD, of Cecil county, Md.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Burke, Mr. JOSEPH MCCLOSKEY to Miss MARY ANN MCCLOSKEY.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. E. L. Janes, Jan. M. Cone, Esq., of Bucks county, to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Benjamin Hallowell, Esq., of Montgomery county.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. HUGH MCCLOSKEY to Miss MARY MCCLOSKEY.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Asher Moore, Mr. ISAAC HAINES, daughter of Mr. Henry Haines, all of Harford county, Md.

On the 25th inst. by the Rev. Thomas L. Franklin, Mr. JOHN MCCLOSKEY to Miss MARGARET BARRETT, daughter of Mr. Edward C. Barrett.

On the 25th ult. by Friends' ceremony, DAVID DAVIS STRATTON, of Salem county, New Jersey, to ELIZA-BETH, daughter of Wm. Wayne, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. HUGH FULLOWAY, of Mannsdorp, England, to Miss SUSAN CUNNINGHAM, of the Island of Antigua.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. HUGH MCCLOSKEY to Miss MARY MCCLOSKEY.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Asher Moore, Mr. ELIJAH WHITE, of Baltimore county, Md., to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Mr. Henry Haines, of Harford county, Md.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Thomas L. Franklin, Mr. JOHN MCCLOSKEY to Miss MARGARET BARRETT.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D.D., Rear Admiral JOHN ORDRONAUX, U. S. N., to Miss ELIZABETH NAU, Esq., all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Rambler's Retreat, Sangamon county, Illinois, by the Rev. John T. Mitchell, Mr. JOHN MCCLOSKEY to Miss MARY ANN MCCLOSKEY, both of Co., Springfield, Illinois, late of Baltimore, Md.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. HUGH MCCLOSKEY to Miss MARY MCCLOSKEY

Selected Poetry.

LINES.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

Oh, for the bright and gladsome hours,
When life's o'erflowing current courses,
My spirit caught from earth and sky
The light of every beam,
When, if into my laughing eye
A tear-drop gathered, 'twas
Soon banished in a moment by
The thoughts of childhood.

When musing on the happy past,
The first gush of feeling
When every tone of wind and wave
Was fraught with joy,
When all youth's hopes and fantasies,
Their rainbows of my sky,
Painted their shadowy images
Before my wondering eye.

My heart is with the laughing rills,
That murmur round the home,
Where first my lips were taught to speak—
My tiny feet to roam.
The sweet songs of the happy birds,
The whispering wild-rose trees
That caught the faint breath of the eve,
And waved among the trees.

How many manifold memories
Bend gently through the mind,
Like spirit voices borne along
Upon the wandering wind.
And, in thought leads me back again,
I almost seem to trace
In each sweet flower, and shrub, and tree,
Some fond, familiar face.

'Tis thought, because I smile on all,
That I am vain and gay;
That, by the world's light fantasy,
I might be lured astray.
They know not that my heart oft bowder
In fragrance out to sigh,
That many a smile is worn on my lips,
And tears within my eye.

My thoughts are all as pure and sweet,
As when I was a child,
And all my bright and gladsome hopes
Are not withered, quite;
I am but as a wanderer
From my bright home, for while
I'm thus affection's claim,
I'd wish to wander in due space,
And be a child again.

Our Traveller.

MADRID.

In the middle of the 16th century Madrid was nothing but a small village, surrounded by thick forests with which, at that time, the whole of Castile was then covered. It served as a rendezvous for hunters, and was, at times, the favorite residence of the gay gentlemen of the Court. The peculiar manner in which Spain had been governed and oppressed by the Moors rendered it almost impossible to select some central point as a Royal residence; the centre of war and of the Royal forces being generally selected for that purpose. None of the union of the Kingdom of Castile and Aragon, under the Catholic Kings, the Court seemed to decide on Toledo for a residence; but Charles V., their successor, resided so little in Spain that the decision of this question was left to his son Philippe II. This Prince being fond of the chase, selected the little village or town of Madrid, which was soon covered with stately palaces, and remained ever since, the Capital of the Spanish monarchy.

Madrid is perhaps the most unfortunate section for a Capital that could have been made in Spain, and so completely the freak of the monarch that it may well be said, the city represents nothing but the Court, and contains nothing but persons employed by the government. Its people (the *Madrileños*,) never speak of it otherwise than "this Court," (este corte.) The selection of this unfortunate spot for a Royal residence, which should at least be a centre of wealth and bearing, has had a most disastrous influence on the country. Paris, London, Vienna, and other Capitals of Europe, are situated near large and navigable rivers, in the midst of the most populous districts, uniting great wealth, commerce, and manufactures. In those cases the true riches of the nation: and there is, consequently, a vitality attached to them, which identifies them with the nation. These Capitals give strength and power to the whole country; they are the stone houses from which all the smaller places and settlements derive their construction. Not so of this kind, is discernible in Madrid; of which it may be said, that it was selected on account of its seclusion from the world, in a large, almost uninhabited desert, far from the communication and the arts, sombre and dreary as the silent, lighted mind, of its unnatural founder. Spain (remembered from its origin by the Saracens, and presenting, after the conquest, nothing but a conglomerate of small Kingdoms, inhabited by people as different and distinct in their manners as it is possible for French and Englishmen to be, supposed more than any other country, a large powerful city to give a uniform tone to the heterogeneous elements of her population; yet Madrid is so situated that it cannot, by any possible chance, be made even the centre of an industrial movement. The whole country round it is barren, though capable of irrigation, and almost entirely uninhabited. A few miles from it not a vestige of a happy habitation is seen, and even the road to the Escurial, the most magnificent palace in the world, is deserted as any path in the rocky mountains. The road, far remote from any navigable river, and at equal distances from the enterprising and industrious provinces of Andalusia and Catalonia. The whole road from Bayonne to Madrid is a barren heath: everything in the shape of trees being extirminated, from the foot of the Pyrenees to the Capital.

Madrid is not even the centre of learning. The two Universities from which the rural Alcalá have no connection whatever with the court and the library of the Escurial, remarkable, principally, on account of its manuscripts, is at a distance of twenty-five miles, rendered by its preservation only to the monks—the only persons that are at all in a situation to profit by it. Not even the fashions of Spain are swayed by the capital. The higher classes of society, in this respect, the mandates of Paris, and ampet their dress and articles of fancy directly from France; while the citizens and peasants of each province follow, to this day, their peculiar provincial customs, regardless of the court and all that surrounds it. Even the theatre of Madrid are inferior to those of Cadiz and Barcelona, and as to political activity, the annals of the late revolutions sufficiently show that the capital of Spain is anything but matures of the destiny of the nation. As to the Government, Madrid exercises no other influences on the provinces, than that which follows the presence of the Captain General. On every important occasion they govern themselves by their own juntas and 'pronunc' for this or that power, according to the pleasure of their inhabitants. In no other country in Europe could a civil war last so long as in Spain, without any battle signalized by action or peace. The mountains and the ocean do more for the independence of Spain than all the patriotism of her inhabitants: patriotism may be called what has heretofore manifested itself only in the shape of political or religious fanaticism.

Madrid lies in a vast plain, limited only on the north by the chain of the *Guadarrama* mountains. Approaching it from Aragon, it forms but the dreary continuation of that province. The soil itself is extraordinarily fertile, but the talent of the Spaniards against trees, based on some popular superstitions, has extirpated all but a few olive trees, giving the country a most barren and unagreeable aspect. An ocean of dust crosses the capital, and the first idea that strikes the stranger is what can have induced people to select this most unlikely of localities, and of a vegetation deprived spot, for a resting place. The city itself remains wonderful till the traveller has entered the streets of the *puerta d'Alcala*, and is accompanied on the right and left by the magnificent palaces which adorn the street of that name. The straits d'Alcala leads to the *Puerta del Sol*, whose name is to be found in every Spanish novel, and which, connected by the fine principal streets of the town, is the great promenade, business place, Exchange and political coffee-house of the capital. During the revolutions which have succeeded each other since 1824, the *Puerta del Sol* has been the universal rendezvous of rioters of all descriptions, and the centre of all the popular disturbances that were roused in the Castilian desert. The *Puerta del Sol* is, in fact, the *Palais Royal* of Madrid; only less gay, and without shops for the display of industry. A stranger need only pass a few hours in this place, in order to have a pretty good idea of the whole city. Priests in black robes and with enormous hats, after the fashion of Don Basilio, pass here on their way to church—barbers and hair dressers perform their operations here publicly under the widespread canopy of heaven, and in the evening the whole population of Madrid wanders through the *Puerta del Sol* on its way to the Prado.

The Prado is the universal school of the society of Madrid. The hour during the day, in the summer season, being too great to venture in the street, everybody is, in the evening, seen in the Prado. It is here visits are made and received, acquaintances formed and renewed. There every one is sure to meet his friends, and every one expected to take part there. The people talk, smoke, and there is to be found the only democratic spot in all Spain, where the *Aguador* (water carrier) and the beautiful (chalmani) may freely accost the Prime Minister or Spanish Grandee, in order to receive permission to light his cigar. (Such is the Prado) too, may be seen a greater collection of beauty and grace, than in any European Capital. Indeed, such, as I have said, the Parisians, themselves, admit that one can see more elegant forms and expressive eyes in a quarter of an hour at the Prado of Madrid, than in a whole week in the Garden of the Tuileries. The toilette is so called a hundred times a day; but nature has lavished her gifts much more profusely in Spain than in France.

Several parts of Madrid are built in truly magnificent style. The streets Alcala, Atocha, *de la Mesitra, de San Bernardo* are scarcely equalled by what the Rue Rivoli, *De la Paix, de Rondevards* in Paris, and certainly excel the paper boxes of London. But in spite of the magnificence of Madrid, one is no where struck with the wealth and power of its inhabitants. Two things, especially, are wanting to give to Madrid the aspect of an European city—the relics of a splendid city being comparatively a work of modern creation) and the display of industry or commerce. One might imagine the whole town to be inhabited merely by Dukes and Marquises. Bills of exchange are unknown here, and the necessary trades and occupations for the use of the inhabitants are in the hands of provincials. Frenchmen do the service of tailors, hair-dressers, perfumers and milliners. Male are made by the people from Valencia; Salad (the principal dish of the people of Madrid) is grown by the Italians or Gallicians, who are the principal farmers in the neighborhood of the city, and the water-carriers, the most indispensable workmen in Madrid, are almost exclusively Asturians. The Catellans do nothing, and are merely here to be waited upon. The Aguadores are the Genoa or redcoys of Madrid. Everything that is witty, grotesque, or burlesque, is ascribed to them; they are the carriers of the billet doux, the principal machinery of all the intrigues of society, the guardians of rationality, the humorists of the people, and it is a remarkable circumstance that Cervantes created a great error, when he ascribed to Sancho as other home than either Asturia or Gallicia.

Selected Tales.

THE RUSTIC WREATH.

BY MISS MITFORD.

I had taken refuge in a harvest field belonging to my good neighbor, Farmer Cresswell. A beautiful child lay on the ground, at some little distance, with a baby. Large and luxuriant the labor of reaping, was twisting a rustic wreath—the materials corn-flowers, bachelor's-buttons, scarlet lily-brass, and light, fragile bare-bells, mingled with the fair locks which fell in profusion around its hat.

There was something in the tender vestiful, the pretty, though somewhat fantastic, occupation of the girl, the fresh wild flowers, the ripe and swelling corn, that harmonized with the season and the hour, and to complete the resemblance of "Dis and Proserpine," and of all that is gorgeous and graceful in old mythology, of that lovely Lavinia of our poet, and of the subject of that beautiful picture in the Louvre, the Harvest Ruth. But these fanciful associations soon vanished before the real sympathy excited by the scene of the scene. Dora Creswell was well known to me, and both objects of a sincere and lively interest.

The young girl, Dora Creswell, was the orphan niece of my friend, and the companion of our part of the world—the only child of his only brother,—and, having lost both her parents while still an infant, had been reared in her widowed uncle, as fondly and carefully as his own. Widow he said, had she left him, in fact quite as well, perhaps he loved her better; although it were impossible to think of a father not to be proud of the bold, handsome youth, who at eighteen had a man's strength and a man's stature, was the best rower, the best cricketer, and the best shot in the county; and the fair Dora, who, nearly ten years younger, was at once his sister, his housekeeper, and his plaything, and his companion, was evidently the very apple of his eye. Our good farmer vaunted her accomplishments, and all of his class are wont to boast of a high-bred mare or a favorite dog. Dora was fair neatly as well as thoroughly and truly about her person, yet, out of doors, as gay as a lark, and as wild as the wild colts' was like his own child. Edred, as some large drops fell on the young girl's head, she was shouting round Walter's hat. "Very strange," repeated she, waving up with a bright flower, "very strange away the tears from her rosy cheeks, with a bunch of corn-flowers—"very strange, that it should cry, when I am the happiest creature alive." Mary and Walter are to be married, and my dear uncle, instead of being angry with me, says that he loves me better than ever, because I love them so well." And then the tears poured down, faster and faster, "that I should be so foolish as to cry!"

Our Scrap Book.

MUSQUETOE SONG.

In a summer's night I take my flight
To where the sweetest roses grow;
And while they are slumbering sweet and sound,
I bore them as I go.
The warm red blood the fare they cheeks,
To me is delicious food;
For to my delight to bore and bore
In the sweet rose wood.

When I get my fill, I wipe my bill,
And sound my merry horn;
And off I fly to the mountain high
Before the break of morn.
For every lively people know
It is treble the compass to bore
For me my delicate bore and bore
In the season of the year.

On the cheekiest veil aboard I crawl,
And I bore and bore and bore;
For I get my fill before I go
To light upon her head
And I love to bear her sweet dreams,
And I laugh to hear him swear;
For I know I am welcome to bore and bore
In the season of the year.

A good story is told on the correspondence of the New York Times, about the late minister's class of Pittsburg. We give it in the natural language of the writer: "A gentleman of this city, a Southerner, came up with me to this place, and stopped at the Monongahela House, he stopped out to take a look at the town, and while he was out, a fellow, named Rawhide, he said to me, 'Well, I'll be hanged if I can't make some fun of this chap.' So he went and got a set work—no one is idle; and that is not all—every other man has got a stone engraver in his shop.

A clergyman took for his text the following words: "And when he saw the multitudes, they rowed." An Indian heard him attentively, and at the conclusion, he stepped up to the parson, and said, "Minister, you lie. I was in a boat with you, Mr. Minister." "You must go then," replied the parson. The Indian observed he meant to have supper, and stay all night. "You lie," said the clergyman, "but I vow you shall go in the morning."

"What can I give for a keep-sake, my love?" said a lover to his mistress. "Give me," said she, "your heart." "Alas!" replied the lover, "I gave that to another long ago." "Then give me," said she, "your hand." "Alas!" said he, "my dearest angel," cried Jack, in some confusion, "here—why—why, you haven't such a thing as a five pound note about you, I suppose?"

A young woman slighting from a stage coach, when a piece of ribbon from her bonnet fell into the bottom of the carriage—"You have left your bow behind," said a lady passenger. "No, I have, he is gone a-feeling," immediately rejoined the damsel.

A Boston matron, on a friend's recommending Parr's life pills as a medicine, remarked that, taking into view the fact that the venerable inventor lived to bury his fourth wife, it was her opinion that, however profitable they have proved to *Parr* (us,) they did not seem to "really good for us.—*Post.*

The other day, while a monitor was hearing a boy recite his lesson, the following words were pronounced: "The wages of sin is death." The monitor wishing to get the word wages out by question, asked: "What does your father get on Saturday night?" The boy answered, "*He gets drunk!*"

Dr. Judd, of London, was a man of genuine piety, but much opposed to the noisy zeal that seeketh the praise of men. A young divine, much given to ostentation, one day said to him: "Do you suppose you have been blessed?" "None in good of," was the excellent reply.

A starving man who had committed a theft, was asked by a pious friend if his conscience had not cried out to him. "Forbear!" he replied, "for if it did, the cried of my stomach were so much louder, that they presently me from hearing those of my conscience."

A spicy woman promised to show to her young friend husband's faces in a pail of water. They looked, and exclaimed, "Why there is his head and his face, and his eyes." "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married!"

"Oh, my dear boy," said an enraged debtor to his creditor, "you actually abused me, you sent me a dunning letter." "Say, friend," replied the creditor, mildly, "you never received—I sent thee but a dollar."

"Mrs. Squiggs, here's your husband, this afternoon!" "Well, he don't live with me, and if he lives till morrah', he shall have some of this." "Well, he don't live with me, and he shan't have any hopes of him."

In a state of mental absence a young man married the wife of a friend. Shortly after, he only perceived his error when he got her father's root.

For "Go it while you're young," my, "In the earliest stages of maturity, pressed with accompanying fatigue.

"All flesh is grass," as the horse said when he bit a piece out of the man's arm.

What color is the grass when covered with snow? Invisible green.

Selected Sections.

THE BALLOT BOX.

Freedom's consecrated dower,
Casket of all precious things,
Native heritage of power,
Charter-stone on which was traced
Man's high destiny and rights,
Mighty fortress where he stood
Mailed in his own proud integrity!
Made his own glorious home!

Purchased by an noble blood
By the life-tide of the brave,
Sacred as the altar-flood
To the carriers he gives!

Guard it, Freemen! guard it well!
Spotless as your maiden's fame!
Never let a stain dwell
On your country's name!
Or your weaknesses—of your shame!
That time the battle-cry shall be
What was bought with blood and toil.
That you have left for gain,
Here on Freedom's sacred soil!

Let your people's power be felt,
Fixed, unerring, energizing, bright,
Watch, with eagle eye, the spot
From the lofty mountain height
Where the day-star of your hope
Will to the breezes pure and free,
The banner of your liberty!
The honor and shrine of Liberty!

TRANSCENDENTALISM OF THE TIMES.

In this world of change and revolution we know of nothing that is stationary, except it be writing materials—we know of nothing to withstand the ravages of time, except the mighty propelling power by which all things are urged onward. The "Young Americans" are a new and significant epithet of a "fixed fact," but we (if the very pet) make a fixed fact of it, we could. The truth is, it was a metaphysical fallacy to the people in the days of Methuselah, to have cancelled promises this impulsive progress of things and the world, they let the bird squirm in the cage, that fancies himself immortal, while he clings with tenacity to a round in the revolving cage, they let the bird of freedom sing in confinement, because it is the organ of our ideas, so must our thoughts be. If those who, in the days of Methuselah, were wise and significant speaks